

Not My Scene

Arrive Alive

By Elle Thurston

7:58 pm arrival time

My friends made me come. I am not even close to being a party person but I wanted to make them happy so I tag along; thinking I would make an appearance and leave without anyone noticing. Terrified, I walk inside, unknowing of what to expect. In a quick glance, I estimate 60 people crammed in the basement with more trickling in every minute. I think there is no way I would be able to find my friends but there they are, living their best life in the middle of everyone. “How are they so carefree?” mumbling under my breath. They spot me almost immediately and dance their way over to the corner I became glued to, wreaking of alcohol. At first, they were so welcoming, slurring “Hi you look so good, I'm so glad you came!” but that slowly faded into dragging me onto the makeshift dance floor. Clearly uncomfortable, I slip through the cracks of people and onto the patio, followed by my friends. In a drunken effort to comfort me, they offer me bottles of alcohol to “ease my nerves”. After about 5 minutes of my friends offering, I take a bottle to make them feel better. They scream yes in a proud teenager way at me. I stare at the bottle for an extended period of time contemplating drinking it. With my friends waiting in angst, I crack the top open and down it in one gulp in an effort to limit the taste. They screech in excitement and leave me outside, returning to the dance floor.

Finding myself becoming more at ease, I roll my eyes wishing my friends weren't right. The uncomfortable feeling fading by the second, I joined my friends to dance. Starting to adore the feeling, I ask for another drink and my friends offer me one with a wide smile across their face. “I don't know what's going on right now but I love it!” slurring my words to the air around me.

9:47pm

Drinking for the first time, I end up losing all track of time. I reach for my back pocket in search of my phone and pull it out. "Oh shi-" I yell, realizing the time. My friends run over in worry. "My dad is going to kill me! I have to be home by 10." They respond, "Hurry home you can't be late!" At least they understand, I think to myself. Still drunk and not knowing what to do I pull out my keys and rush to my car. With loads of worry inside me I panic trying to unlock my car. I take a deep breath and refocus myself, unlocking the door and getting in.

9:56 pm Curfew in 4 minutes

I stare at my hands on the steering wheel thinking that this is not a good idea. "I can call him and tell him I lost track of time" thinking out loud. "No. He would know, I sound drunk." With careful review, I decide to go home, praying to make it safely. In a rush, I speed home going 70 in a 50. Without realizing, I was swerving all over the road. I hear a familiar sound. My phone, sitting in the passenger seat, is ringing. I glance down at my phone for two seconds to see my dad is calling me. Looking back to the road, I see glaring headlights coming straight at me. I cut the wheel too hard, avoiding the other vehicle but now aimed straight at a telephone pole. The next thing I witness is blue and red lights flashing. Confused because I see them surrounding something from afar. I examine further, squinting my eyes, and notice my car rammed into the telephone pole and my body motionless in the driver's seat. The saddening power of drunk driving and distracted driving killed me and I will be reaping the consequences of it.